

THE DAILY STAR

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

On a wild October night, Elsie Raymond sat beside her solitary fireside in deep thought—in thought that, truth to tell, was tinged with sadness. It was not often that she sat thus, for she was the most cheerful and busy of little women, the best of sisters and aunts, and the kindest of neighbors. This being the case, she found little leisure for thought or solitary musings, for in some of these relations, work enough was always provided for her.

But to-night she seemed to have arrived at one of the halting-places in her life. Her young sister Sophia, the last of her charges, had that morning been married. The old gray homestead had been left desolate when her smiling face went from it—at least so Elsie thought. True, she had a tribe of small nephews and nieces staying with her, while their mother, Elsie's sister Mary, and her husband accompanied the bridal party on their tour, but they had long been asleep, and there was no token of their presence in the somewhat trim looking room, except a great basket of playthings in a corner, and row of shoes, headed by Willie's "new boots" and closed by baby Elsie's tiny bronzed slippers, that were ranged against the wall.

Elsie's father had died suddenly, the victim of a fatal accident, and his widow, overwhelmed by the sad and terrible bereavement, soon followed him. With her dying breath she commended her youngest children to the care of their oldest sister, and exacted from her a promise that she would devote her life to them. The girl could hesitate at no demand made in the last feeble accents of her dying mother. She lifted the little unconscious babe from the feeble arms that clasped it, and holding it close to her bosom, and looking upon the tearful faces of the little group gathered around the death-bed, gave the required promise.

In an hour her mother had ceased to breathe, and Elsie's life-work had begun. But it was not until the sad ceremonies of the funeral was over, and the little family had returned to the desolate home, that Elsie fully comprehended all that she had undertaken.

None who have truly loved will fail to sympathize with the struggle that for the following weeks went on in Elsie's soul. It was no slight sacrifice that was demanded of Elsie; duty and love, her promise to the dead and her vows to the living, were the antagonists that contested every inch of ground. John Francis loved Elsie full well enough to have aided her in her life task. He saw no person in the duties she had undertaken why she should not fulfill her vows, and in becoming his wife divide the burden of her responsibilities and care.

But she thought differently. She felt that she had no right to allow his generosity to lead him into such a sacrifice. He was young and life lay bright and long before him. Should she allow the shadow of her care to project across the sunny path? Should she seek to lay upon his shoulders the burden that weighed her down and doomed her to a life of toil? She could endure and sacrifice much for the children, so dear to her by ties of blood—the sacred legacy of her dead parents. But to him they were nothing, save for her sake, and she might have seen him grow weary and discontented with the untimely cares that a marriage with her must throw upon him.

So Elsie and John Francis parted, as they feared, forever. When her lover found that no arguments nor prayers could change her purpose, that she had of only recorded her vow to the dead, and was fully prepared to perform it to the uttermost, even to the sacrifice of her dearest hopes and most cherished wishes, he disappeared from the neighborhood without a farewell to any one who had known him.

After a time a letter came to the parish clergyman to tell that he was safe, and about to sail for a foreign land, and from that hour, for all those twenty years, no tidings of John Francis had fallen upon Elsie Raymond's ears. When she knew that he was gone and would not return, she carefully gathered together every little memento of the happy season of her love and locked them in the casket he had given her, thenceforth to be the shrine of her affections. Then sternly and uncompromisingly she returned to her life task.

Year after year rolled on. Elsie spun and wove, and directed her maidens and her farm laborers, and taught and nursed her brothers and sisters, and in all things strove to supply to them the place of the parents they had lost. In time the wounds of her heart healed, at last they ceased to bleed at every touch, and learned to find solace in the affection of her children, as she called them, while habit made her duties light and almost pleasant.

The midnight hour had already passed when Elsie rose to retire. Her long, lonely vigil had made her tired and nervous, and she could hardly repress a shiver of alarm, as just as that moment a heavy knock was heard at the outer door, and resounded through the house.

But Elsie's only thought was of a summons to some sick or dying bed, for in that quiet neighborhood, people were seldom abroad at night on less urgent errands, so, smiling at her causeless alarm, and still trembling in spite of her bravery, she undid the fastenings of the door, and threw it open.

A tall man, wrapped in a long, dark riding cloak, stood upon the threshold. By the light of the flicking candle Elsie held, she could not distinguish his face. She only saw the strange eager look of a pair of very bright eyes, as the stranger bowed in answer to her salutation.

"Madam," he said, "I am benighted, as you see, and in trying to reach the next village have lost my way. I am drenched to the skin, and my horse is too weary to go farther through these misty roads, and crave a light here. I have ventured to leave a shelter for him and myself for the remainder of the night. I assure you that you will find me no ungrateful guest."

"Sir," Elsie resumed, simply, "the doors of Raymond farm have never been closed to the weary wayfarer. Enter, and a servant will care for your horse."

The stranger bowed again, and passed her silently, as she held back the broad leaf of the door. What was it that, at the sight of that tall muffled form, caused her heart to beat so wildly? She put up the bar that secured the door and then preceded her guest to the apartment she had left.

She stirred the smoldering embers, and threw on fresh wood, which caught the flames that soon leaped cheerily up the broad chimney. Leaving the stranger cowering over the blaze, she went and called the gardener to take charge of the horse that was neighing impatiently at the outer gate.

When she came back she busied herself, silently, in preparing refreshment for the stranger, who still sat beside the hearth casting curious glances at her as she moved about. Thrill after thrill shot through Elsie's frame as she met those bright, strange glances. She had begun to feel almost frightened at his singular manner, when he suddenly addressed her.

"Madam," he said, pointing to the row of little shoes, and the overflowing basket of toys, "I see that, lonely as is this house, it is not desolate. Human flowers, that brighten so many homes, bloom here. You have little children, beautiful and loving, and doubtless a good husband. Pardon me, Madam," he added, observing Elsie's emotion, "we who are wanderers up and down the world are wont to notice, with somewhat of jealousy, the tokens of domestic happiness that are denied to us."

He was silent, as if waiting for an answer, and Elsie, conquering her emotion, answered quietly:

"There are children here, but not mine. I have neither husband nor child here," and a faint sigh struggled up from her heart, as she thought of what might have been.

Just then the gardener came stamping in at the kitchen door and showed himself, shaking the water from his garments. Elsie turned to the stranger.

"Your meal is prepared," she said; "when you have partaken, the servant will show you to your room."

And bidding her guest good night, she went to her room and lay down upon her bed, but not to sleep. Through the long hours, until the late autumn dawn, she tossed restlessly upon her couch, thinking much of the strange guest, and marveling why his image mingled so continually with her visions of the past.

The next morning, when the breakfast hour was passed, the stranger spoke of his departure.

"Before I go, madam," he said, "I ought to inform you who I am, that you may at least know you have not bestowed your kindness on one unworthy."

"For twenty years I have been a wanderer in other lands, a sad, lonely, disappointed man. Yet I have ever kept one hope bright and vigorous, the hope of return to my native shores and the scenes of my early happiness."

"I was born and lived till manhood in the midst of a region much like this in which your home is situated. I was an orphan, but I had a small competence and many friends. My guardian had a daughter who in I loved, who acknowledged that my love was returned. We were betrothed, by the consent of her parents, and our wedding day was very near, when strange misfortune overtook my Alice. Her father died a terrible death, then her mother dropped beneath the blow and quickly followed, leaving to Alice the care of the younger children, and exacting from her a promise that she would never leave them until they were all provided for. I would willingly have shared the heavy burdens that now fell upon Alice; but she refused to bind me to her life of toil and self-sacrifice. She laid her love and all her bright hopes upon the altar of duty; and I, appalled by the sacrifice and mad with disappointment, fled from the country and became a wanderer in other lands."

"Elsie, I promise to return when your task was ended! I am here! Have you no word of welcome after all these years of separation?"

He had no need to ask, for Elsie lay sobbing in the arms opened to receive her, while the little ones looked on wonderingly, and the old gardener, to whom the secret had been imparted the night previous, stood with clasped hands uttering ejaculations of thankfulness.

"Elsie, shall we ever part again?"

"Never," said Elsie, with her quiet simplicity; "never again until death;" and she looked up in his face with the old longing glance that had greeted him a score of years before.

Very quietly the middle-aged pair settled down at the old homestead, which was beautified and adorned by the wealth John Francis brought from foreign lands, and dearer far to them than any palace home, with the store of memories that people its dim chambers, and all the green domestic which had witnessed their early joys, and their reunion after weary years of separation.

Your Own Inclination.

In choosing an occupation for life, follow your own inclinations, if possible. If a boy is intent on being a preacher, a lawyer, a doctor or a merchant, it is useless to attempt to make a farmer of him. Let him go. The instincts of his nature teach him his position in life.

A close view of the world, however, will soon convince any one that many have mistaken their calling. No matter for that. The man who has failed in his first love would not have been happy had he been thwarted by others early in his choice. To him labor would have been a burden and life a servitude. Consult tenderly with the promising boy—set before him, but not in too highly colored pictures, the advantages and objections to the various vocations of life; then let him carefully select his choice. But impress upon him the importance of living honestly, industriously, but to aim higher, with a determination to rise above all competitors in the quality of his work, and in the integrity, rectitude and virtue of his life. Having done so much, leave the rest to him.

OH, HUM!

Oh, what a thing is love
It cometh from above,
And 'tis like a dove
On some one's heart to settle.
But some it never hits,
Except to give them fits
And take away their wits—
Oh, hum!

—(Boston Transcript.)

The Sea of Galilee.

(Professor Bartlett.)

Riding by the foot of Hattin, over the place where, 700 years ago, Saladin annihilated the crusaders' power in Palestine, we at length reached a ridge where we looked out on the distant hills of Baahau, and down far below us upon a dark blue pear or harp-shaped sheet of water, lying snugly in a deep inclosure of high brown hills. Though less than 13 miles long and seven miles broad, yet, measured by the events it has witnessed, it is a kind of Pacific Ocean. It was the Sea of Galilee.

As we moved over the long way downward to its level—650 feet below the Mediterranean sea—we had time to grasp and fix its whole aspect and surroundings. It lacks boldness of outline, for its hills slope gradually back from the shore, or leave a narrow plain, as at Gennesaret and Bethsaida. But the lights and shadows lie sweetly on the hillsides at night and morning; the northern end is broken into pleasant little bays, and Hermon looms grandly up beyond, far off, yet seemingly near. The whole aspect of the lake is one that suggests the thought and the lack of beautiful homes. It was still a long ride to the lake. The region we were passing, once brimful of life and activity, was utterly forsaken now. The entire lake lay spread before us, and nearly the whole of its coast line, along or near which once lay the cities of Tarichea, Tiberias, Hippo, Gamala, Gergesa, Bethsaida, Chorazin, Capernaum, Magdala and Beth Arbel. Of these cities, Tiberias once had its Senate of 600; Gamala was able to resist and defeat Vespasian at the head of three legions, and when captured by Vespasian and Titus it lost 4,000 in the fight, and 5,000 who hurled themselves or were pushed down the precipice; while Tarichea, according to Josephus, was able at one time to furnish 16,500 for slaughter in a sea fight with the Romans, 1,200 slain in cold blood in the stadium, 6,000 captive youth to dig for Nero in the isthmus, and 30,400 to be sold into slavery. The only existing visible representatives of all this strength and activity were the little cluster of huts called Mejdal (Magdala) and the shrunken Tiberias, with its 2,000 inhabitants. From our path not a vestige of the other places could be discerned. It was near sunset when we entered Tiberias. We followed the road through the gate, but could easily have passed through the rents in the walls. The now squalid city, mentioned but once in the New Testament, has been the chief home of Jewish learning since the destruction of Jerusalem. Here the Jerusalem Talmud was completed, and here is now what may be called the present theological school of the Jews.

Memory in Old Persons.

(Youth's Companion.)

The brain is the instrument of the mind. Every thought and feeling is dependent on certain changes that take place between it and the blood. Mental activity may be quickened or retarded, exalted or depressed, by the action of drugs upon the brain. Singular effects are produced by cerebral disease. Age works permanent changes in the brain; it shrinks its bulk and hardens its substance. In consequence of this there is a change of mental manifestations. The mind acts more slowly in old persons. It does not turn readily to new subjects, and is not capable of as protracted or as lofty efforts. The feelings, too, are much lessened in susceptibility.

But in the memory the most marked changes occur. Some persons who have been more than ordinarily gifted in this respect in old age become peculiarly deficient in memory. With the aged recent facts and events are not so readily taken up into the mental storehouse, and what is learned is sooner forgotten.

At the same time the past stands out in vivid contrast with the present. Early habits return again. For instance, the pronunciation or the spelling of youth often reappears, to the surprise of friends. Sins, early repented of and forsaken, intrude themselves painfully on the memory.

From this we see how important it is that the associations and habits of youth are such as shall give only pleasure in old age. If one would not sink into imbecility when the brain begins to shrink, let him cultivate all his powers right along through life. The aged should take special pains to keep up their mental activity.

Charles Reade.

(New York Post.)

A London correspondent describes Charles Reade as "a big manly-looking fellow, not fat, but large-framed and muscular. He is very fond of physical exercise, such as rowing, riding, cricket, swimming, and, notwithstanding his hair is grizzled, his stalwart body shows no signs of weakness or decay. He is neat though careless in dress, and resembles, with his ruddy face, easy gait and unconventional manner, a prosperous farmer. He likes congenial company, but not formal society, which, as a rule, he takes pains to avoid. He is in the sense of the word a Bohemian, and enjoys himself vastly with a lot of good fellows and lively actresses over pipes and a bowl of punch. He is not dissipated nor sensual. He is a bachelor, but has a spacious, pleasant house in the suburbs of the city, with any quantity of bric-a-brac, pictures, engravings, flowers and comfortable things about him. Reade is a very methodical worker, usually spending from four to seven hours daily in his library, three or four of these at his desk, pen in hand. He writes rapidly, but generally goes very carefully over his manuscript, erasing, adding, and frequently throwing away sheets after sheet."

Notes From Away Down East.

(Detroit Free Press.)

The more we know of the East, the more apparent it becomes that many of our modern ideas and conceptions are only new forms of very old ones.

China invented not only gunpowder and the mariner's compass, but paper money. It is generally admitted that many religious doctrines and ceremonies come from India, while the system and practice of strikes and trades union has been long in vogue there.

The marked feature of labor strikes in civilized communities is their failure, that is, compared with their success. But the strikes carried on by the laborers of India are marvels of combination, unity, obedience and expedition. The famous caste system of that country is not solely of a religious character. There are trade castes and profession castes. By means of these they are able to obtain higher prices for their commodities than they can in open market. They maintain two prices, one for the poor native and a higher one for the European who can get no abatement. Nor is there any pretense of concealing the fact. No one born outside of the caste can be apprenticed to its trade, and all born inside must be.

During the famine of 1877 Bombay was filled with distressed natives seeking food and shelter. Hospitals were erected and the police by mistake undertook to convey thither some sickly looking coolies. The harbors were full of ships, the quays crowded and swarming with natives, landing and storing or shipping the cargoes. The next morning not one of these thousands of laborers was to be seen, and the foreign commercial business of Bombay stopped. The orders to the police had to be withdrawn. All this was accomplished without officers, rules or funds. A few men, looked up to as advisers, spoke the word, and those thousands obeyed instantaneously.

This power of combination, the result of centuries of inherited instinct, is so tremendous and active that they do not need to spend their money keeping up a visible and formal organization. Between times it is unseen; it is "the sleeping giant of their constitution," but when occasion requires wakes and accomplishes its purpose. They are afraid that if they establish a union after the European or American pattern, the foreigners would gain control and use it to their disadvantage.

No doubt if Dennis Kearny should "go" with the Chinese he would find in their history some personage which would not make him appear at all original or strange in their eyes. They certainly invented jealousy of foreigners before he did.

An Inquisitive Child.

(Bridgeport Farmer.)

The irrepressible five-year-old was heard from in the Superior Court the other day. She was playing about the chair of her father, the prisoner, then being tried for burglary, while the witness, her father's alleged confederate in the crime, was describing how he made the entry into the building burglarized. After getting into one room he found the door leading into the next secured by a heavy stone on the other side. He pressed against the door, but could not open it, and—Here he stopped to allow the lawyers to write down the testimony. At this pause the small dunsel who had seemingly been wholly inattentive to what was being said, turned toward the witness and sharply inquired, "Well, then, how did you get through?" The remark came out so pertly and from such an unexpected source that the judge could not refrain from laughing and the jury and spectators were mildly convulsed, while the witness went on to tell how he did "get through."

Glass Railway Sleepers.

A novel use for glass has been recently found, and so far it answers well, viz., as sleepers for railway lines. Soon after De la Bastie introduced his method of toughening glass, Mr. F. Siemens of Dresden commenced a series of researches, which have culminated at present in the production of a very hard glass, which, unlike the material produced by the De la Bastie method, does not fly in a million fragments when broken. The sleepers, which are being tested on the North Metropolitan line at Stratford, are 3 feet long and 4 inches wide, by 6 inches deep, the upper side being shaped to fit the rail. The glass sleepers are not so strong as those cut from sound pine, but they are practically indestructible, and, what is more, are cheap.

It Is a Part of His Make Up.

A man who has the element so mixed within him that he naturally, as one says, borrows trouble, and crosses bridges before he gets to them and permits things small or great to fret him, is bound to worry. He may as well attempt to alter his complexion, or change the thickness of his skin, as to stop worrying. The most he can do is to control the expression of his mental state without himself—and that is often more wearing to him, however it may be to others, than to give vent to his feelings.

These Poor Husbands.

In a dry goods store, the other day, a gentleman trod on the trail of a lady's dress.

The lady turned around savagely, with a furious look on her face, as if she were about to destroy the culprit, and then suddenly changed her expression to one of apology.

"Ah! pardon me sir," she said, smiling, "I allowed myself to get very angry—I thought it was my husband!"

So Flattered, Etc.

"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Auger of Freedom* intoxicated?" Not at all sir; I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the sufferers—that's all."

The New York Evening News roughly estimates the professional scoundrels in that city at 30,000.

YOUTH.

As acorns hold the germs of mighty trees, And in their tiny shells the forest lies, So youth the seed of manhood truly is— A little plant to grow a mighty tree. Youth is a preface to the tale of life, A chapter in that history's early page— A chapter where the characters are shown, And all the qualities are brought to light. O youth, beware the spot thou makest thine! Beware the soil wherein thy rootlets spring! For thou canst make a mighty tree or small— A tree that brings forth good fruit or bad; Thy future lies with thyself. What wilt thou be? 'T is time to choose to-day. —(Boston Transcript.)

The Pistol in America.

Albany de Fonblanque, in an article on "The Pistol in America" in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, London, gives the following information to English readers:

"Every State in the American Union has a law against carrying concealed weapons, and every pair of pants manufactured from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Mexican Gulf, has a pistol pocket."

"It is very seldom that an American newspaper gives a dry and verbatim account of an ordinary criminal trial, but they rejoice in comic law reports. Two—the *Detroit Free Press* and the *Danbury News*—have made themselves famous and rich by turning the administration of justice into ridicule."

"In the great American drama the gospel of the pistol is extensively preached. Here the moral is pointed with revolvers and the tale adorned with the bowie-knife."

"Refusing to drink with even a casual acquaintance is an affront for which pistols are commonly drawn, and in many cities I could name, no commercial transaction is complete without a drink between the parties. They go to a bar as though it were a notary's office, and the bargain is sealed with whisky."

Two Kinds of Girls.

(Home Visitor.)

There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room, and all the precincts at home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her—the other a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. The right kind of education will modify both, and unite their good qualities.

A Terrible Roaring Place.

(Quincy Modern Argosy.)

The water roars, the hackman roars, but the loudest roar is made when the innocent excursionist wants to pay a five dollar bill with a fifty cent piece. There is nothing mean and little about the people at Niagara. They are careful people too. They would always rather take a man's pocket book, than to throw him over the falls.

The Old Highway.

The great high road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing, and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful; success treads on the heels of every right effort.

A paper in the neighborhood of Rochester advertises a church pew for sale "commanding a beautiful view of the whole congregation."—[Danbury News.]

Some unprincipled dealers, because they could see a few cents more profit, have been guilty of offering worthless substitutes for the only original and genuine Sulphur Soap—Glenn's by name. Therefore the public should guard against this deception, and always ask for "Glenn's Sulphur Soap," by its full name, and take no other.

Read the following evidence from a highly respected source:

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 6, 1879.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Esq.—Dear Sir: I have traveled for three years for Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York, and desire to inform you that I have used your incomparable "Glenn's Sulphur Soap" exclusively for about four years; also have recommended it to very many persons, and my constant experience has been that it possesses all the medical advantages that you claim for it. All to whom I have recommended it say, as well as myself, that it deserves its established reputation as the best and most efficacious Sulphur Soap that can be used for all skin cleansing, as well as toilet purposes. Some unprincipled drug store keepers have endeavored to substitute other kinds of Sulphur Soap for Glenn's—saying they were "just as good," but having myself tried other kinds, I find none are so good or so beneficial as the genuine Sulphur Soap stamped "Glenn's," which also I have learned to observe always bears the name of "C. N. Crittenton, Proprietor," on the packet.

Yours truly,
C. T. Z. DURAND.

When you are depressed by the painful sickly feeling of a disordered system, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of Ayer's Pills and see how quickly you can be restored for a moment.

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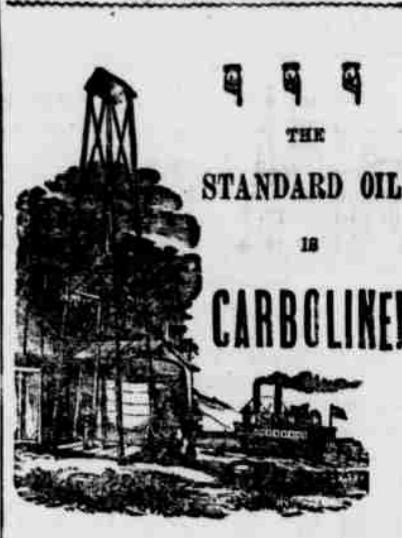
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In the light which Science and Chemistry has brought to bear upon the remedial qualities of Nature's great and bountiful supply of Petroleum. Its curative qualities were well known to Ancients. Herodotus refers to wells of it in Zenta, and it undoubtedly existed in Persia from time immemorial, while it is universally admitted that it is one of the most penetrating agents known to chemistry. Its softening influence generally admitted, and its entire freedom from rancidity an undisputed fact, containing all the requisites of a first-class Hair Restorer, still the offensiveness of the Petroleum odor was a barrier to its use as a TOILET PREPARATION. Science has overcome that, and to-day we defy the world to produce the equal of Carboline as a Pure, Clear, always perfectly sweet Hair Dressing.

Read what the people say about its efficacy:

DAVISVILLE, CAL., Nov. 8, 1878.
CHAR. LANGLEY & Co., San Francisco.
DEAR SIR: I take great pleasure in informing you of the most gratifying results of the use of CARBOLINE in my own case. For three years the top of my head has been nearly bald and smooth, and I had quite given up any hope of restoring the hair. Four weeks ago I noticed the advertisement of CARBOLINE, and on the recommendation of a friend induced to try a bottle. Without any great hope of good results, however, I have now used it less than a month, and to my most agreeable astonishment my head is completely covered with a fine, short, healthy growth of hair, which has every appearance of continued growth; and I confidently believe it will restore it as completely as ever it was in my youth. I take great pleasure in offering you this testimonial, and you have my permission to publish the same. Yours truly,
CHAR. E. WHITE, Davisville, Cal.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of November, 1878.
JAMES D. KING, Notary Public.

JOSEPH E. FORD, JR., Attorney at Law, North Attleboro, Mass., says: "For more than twenty years a portion of my head has been smooth and free from hair as a billiard ball, but some eight weeks ago I was induced to try your CARBOLINE, and the effects have been simply wonderful. Where no hair has been seen for six years, there now appears a thick growth. I expect the growth to be more, but it is growing now nearly as rapidly as hair does after it is cut. You may use the above testimonial if you choose, and may refer to me for its truth."

W. H. BRILL & Co., Fifth Avenue Pharmacy, Pittsburg, Pa., says: "We have sold preparations for the hair for upwards of twenty years, but have never had one so well or so cheap as universal satisfaction as CARBOLINE. We therefore recommend it with confidence to our friends and the general public."

MR. GUSTAVUS F. HALL, of the *Ontario Opera House*, writes: "After using CARBOLINE I am convinced that your CARBOLINE has and is producing a wonderful growth of hair where I had none for years."

Your CARBOLINE restored my hair after every thing else had failed. I consider it the best thing out for the purpose intended.
R. F. ARTHUR, Chemist, Holyoke, Mass.

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